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The Nickelaire Club

Creating a stereotype to put others down

Billy needs to say

SHINING TIME STATION

"THE NICKELAIRE CLUB"

BY

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From characters and storylines created by
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FIRST DRAFT
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SCENE 1
(MAINSET)

(FADE IN)

(SFX: TRAIN PULLING OUT)

(DAY. NEAR PLATFORM. STACY STANDS OVER AN OPEN MAIL BAG AND HANDS OUT LETTERS. SHE GIVES ONE TO SCHEMER, WHO FROWNS AT IT AND OPENS IT AS HE WALKS OFF)

- says names of the letters belong to

(WITH SCHEMER AS HE READS, WITH DAWNING JOY. THEN HIS DEMEANOR CHANGES FROM AN EXCITED KID TO A FLATTERED, SUAVE ADULT. WHEN HE FINISHES HE LOOKS UP, AND STARTS STRIKING "SOPHISTICATED" POSES. THE KIDS JOIN HIM AND SETTLE ON BENCHES WITH THEIR MAIL)

KARA:

Schemer, did you get a good letter?

- Looks like you got a good letter there Schemer.

SCHEMER:

Why, yes, my child.

(KARA SMILES AND PROCEEDS TO IGNORE HIM AND READ HER OWN MAIL, AS DO THE OTHERS. FINALLY SCHEMER CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE)

I received an excellent letter.

(NO ONE PAYS ATTENTION)

I said an EXCELLENT letter.

(DITTO)

Yes, a very flattering letter and -- HEY!

(THE KIDS LOOK UP)

I shouldn't tell you this, but I have been invited to join the Nickelaire Club.

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

That's nice.

(THE KIDS RESUME STUDYING THEIR
MAIL. SCHEMER CONFRONTS THEM)

SCHEMER:

"Nice?" A puppy eating a
marshmallow is "nice."
Don't you know what this
means?

(OFF THEIR SHRUGS)

The Nickelaire Club is
the most exclusive, the
most prestigious, the
most hoity-toity fancy-
schmancy high tone club
in the entire Indian
Valley!

(THE KIDS ARE DEADPAN)

I know. You're asking,
"Who belongs?" I'll tell
you who: la creme de la
menthe of the whole area.
Businessmen, political
guys, movers, shakers --
in a word, important
people. Like me.

(HOLDS OUT LETTER)

Read it and weep.

KARA:

"Mr. Hobart Hume
Aye-Aye-Aye will visit
Shining Time Station on
Thursday to assure that
Mr. Schemer is suitable
for membership in the
Club."

BECKY:

That's today. But who's
Hobart Hume Aye-Aye-Aye?

*Becky:
— I haven't got the slightest
clue*

— makes 'sophisticated' gestures

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

(SINGING -- CIELITO LINDO)

(Kids might not be into it)

"Ai-ai-ai-ai, canta --"
Huh?

(GRABS LETTER; READS)

Not aye-aye-aye. Those
I's are Roman numerals.
THE THIRD. Hobart Hume
THE THIRD. Owner of
Snarleyville Toxic
Chemicals, Inc., one
of the truly great
chemical companies from
here to Snarleyville.
And president of the
Nickelaire Club.

DAN:

If he's coming here, I
hope he likes trains.

SCHEMER:

He doesn't have to like
trains. He pays people
to like trains for him.
A man of that degree of
wealth, and power, and
classiness -- he's too
busy being important to
do anything. In a word,
my kind of guy. If I can
impress him, I'm in --
which means I gotta get
home and spiff up my
appearance.

-touches hair and fixes jacket

(HE DASHES TO PLATFORM)

Meanwhile, if Hobart Hume
III shows up on the
premises, tell him what a
superior guy I am. Even
if you have to make
something up.

(HE KISSES THE LETTER AND EXITS)

(THE KIDS REACT)

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

How come ~~Hobart~~^H Hume the
Third needs to check out
the Station? What's that
got to do with Schemer
being in his club?

DAN:

Maybe Hobart wants to see
if they can hold club
meetings here.

(AS THE OTHERS NOD, MR. C. APPEARS)

MR.C:

Did I hear someone
mention a club?

BECKY:

Schemer's going to join
the Nickelaire Club along
with all the other
shakers and bakers.

KARA:

Movers and shakers.

MR. C:

Well, clubs can be fun.
I belong to two myself.
One is the Messy Club.
Once a month the Club
meets and makes a big
mess of things. My
house, my backyard -- you
name it.

DAN:

I do that all the time.
And I'm not even in a
club!

BECKY:

But who has to clean it
up?

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

MR. C:

Who else? The Clean Club! I'm a member of that, too. They're both very exclusive, which means that not just anybody can join.

KARA;

What do you have to do become a member?

MR. C:

You have to be me. I'm the only member of ~~either~~ *each* one. In fact, I'm off to a meeting of the Messy Club right now. I can't wait to mess things up! I'll tell you how it goes.

(LOOKS AT WATCH)

Whoops. I'm late. I hope I don't start without me.

(HE DISAPPEARS)

(ANGLE ON SCHEDULE BOARD -- STACY AND BILLY ARE FINISHING PUTTING UP NEW TIMES AS THE KIDS ARRIVE)

DAN:

Aunt Stacy, have you ever heard of the Nickelaire Club?

STACY:

Oh, yes. Very fancy.

(BEAT; WITH AN EDGE)

If you like that sort of thing.

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

DAN:

What do you mean?

STACY:

(A STIFF SMILE)

Oh. — Nothing.

*as if she was going to tell him
changed her mind*

(A BEAT OF TENSION. BILLY ATTEMPTS
TO CLEAR IT)

BILLY:

That's not the only club
in the Valley, you know.
I belong to the Fraternal
Order of Locomotive
Engineers. There are all
kinds of railroad clubs
-- The Conductors'
League, the Society of
Porters and Handlers, the
Pullman Club, for people
who like to take
overnight train trips --

STACY:

Those are one kind of
club. There are other
kinds.

KARA:

Like what?

STACY:

Well, let's just say
there are clubs that like
to welcome people in, and
there are clubs that like
to keep people out. Now
in my club, we love
getting new people. I
belong to the Hoofers'
Guild. Membership is
open to all professional
tap dancers. *or anyone who*

Association

wants to learn ~~tap dancing~~ how

(like U of Wisconsin club.)

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

BECKY:

Why would any club want
to keep people out?

STACY:

It makes their members
feel special. The fewer
people they let in, the
more important they think
they are.

BILLY:

Like the Nickelaire Club,
for example?

STACY:

Let's talk about
something else.

BILLY:

Sure. Glad to.

STACY:

Of course I can't imagine
why Schemer would want to
join such a snobby group.
They don't seem like the
kind of people he would
get along with.

BILLY:

Who does? I wonder if
maybe Schemer and the
Nickelaires don't deserve
each other.

BECKY:

The president's
coming today to see
Schemer. Hobart
Hume the Third.

To much
Becky
add some
of the other
kids

MT

SCENE 1 (CONT'D)

STACY:

Well, Schemer's excited
about it, so let's help
him make a good
impression on Mr. Hume.

(BEAT)

Schemer will find out
soon enough about the
Nickelaire Club.

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 2
(INT. JUKEBOX)

(THE PUPPETS ARE IN A TIZZY)

TITO:

Call my tailor and order
my tux. We are moving
uptown, children!

DIDI:

Yeah! If Schemer gets in
the Nickelaire Club,
we'll go, too! Can't you
just see this old jukebox
in their fancy Club
lounge...

TITO:

...important people with
lots of nickels gathering
around...

DIDI:

...and Schemer actually
showing some class for
once.

TITO:

I mean, can you dig it or
can you dig it?

GRACE:

I can't dig it.

TITO:

HUH? ————— are you crazy?

GRACE:

I don't want to move to
some fancy-pants club. I
like it here.

TEX:

Goes double for me, Rex.

SCENE 2 (CONT'D)

REX:

Which means quadruple for
me, Tex.

DIDI:

You mean you guys don't
want to join the
Nickelaire Club? *either*

TEX:

I've had my fill of
clubs, period. 'Member
when we joined that Twins
Club, Rex?

REX:

Vividly, Tex. Spent
three hours the first
meeting saying, "Now,
which one are you? Are
you John, or Ron? Are
you Ted or Fred? Are you
Sally or Hallie?"

*could confuse kids
instead:*

*Oh yeah, Tex
And how! 'Tay*

Jan or Ann

TEX:

And another three hours
saying, "I'M Tex. HE'S
Rex." Got me so
exhausted I ended up
passing out on a table
full of barbecued chicken
legs.

REX:

That wasn't you, Tex.
That was me.

TEX:

(BEAT; SLOWLY) *You don't say,
'z always wondered*
No wonder why my clothes
didn't get dirty.

DIDI:

Wow...

*— doesn't go with
the script*

slim

SCENE 3
(MAINSET)

(CUT TO:)

(MR. C.'S SIGNAL HOUSE -- DAN,
KARA, AND BECKY ARE PLAYING A BOARD
GAME AS --)

(MR. C. APPEARS -- A MESS. HE
HOLDS A FULL WASTE BASKET IN ONE
HAND AND A DECK OF CARDS IN THE
OTHER)

MR. C:

Speaking on behalf of the
membership of the Messy
Club -- all of which
consists of me -- let me
say that our current
meeting is a smashing
success. Also a spilling
success, a dumping
success, and a throwing-
things-around-the-room
success.

(DUMPS WASTE BASKET)

YAH-HOO!

(RE: TRASH)

I'll ^{pick} get that up in a
minute.

KARA:

Mr. Conductor, can we
join your club?

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

MR. C:

I'm afraid not. A club like the Messy Club can only exist A) if only one person belongs who lives by himself who, B) also belongs to the Clean Club, which comes in afterwards and tidies up. Which I will, in a moment. But first --

(HOLDS OUT CARDS)

-- excuse me while I go back and play a round of 52 Pick-Up.

SCHEMER:

(OS - FORMALLY INTONING)

"The Honorable and Most
Fabulous and Neat Guy,
and Our Newest
Nickelairian --
Schemer --"

(MR. C. PANICS --- THE CARDS FLY OUT AND SCATTER. HE MAKES A TOKEN EFFORT TO GO AFTER THEM, AND THE TRASH, BUT THERE'S NO TIME. HE STARTS TO DISAPPEAR, UNDER --)

MR. C:

Gotta go! Sorry!

(-- AS, ON PLATFORM, SCHEMER ENTERS: HE'S WEARING SMOKING JACKET, ASCOT, HAS CANDY CIGARETTE IN HOLDER. HE CARRIES A BIG CARDBOARD CARTON AND AFFECTS THAT AIR OF "SOPHISTICATION," COMPLETE WITH HAUGHTY ACCENT. LOOKS AROUND, NIBBLING END OF CIGARETTE)

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

You young people. How
youthful you are in your
youngness.

(AS KIDS STARE DEADPAN)

No, don't get up. By the
way, has a Mr. Hume the
Third asked for me.

DAN:

Not yet, Schemer. — *he came just for a minute to see
if you were here
and then
left, he's
coming
back
later
I think*

SCHEMER:

Splendid. Of course, he
will, I assure you. But
this gives one time to
arrange a few modest
treats I've brought for
his elegant snacking
enjoyment.

(HE TAKES A CARTON TO TICKET DESK,
UNLOADS TREATS: A DISH OF TOFFEE,
A DISH OF SOUR BALLS, OTHER
CANDIES. KIDS JOIN HIM)

BECKY:

I thought Mr. Hume was a
grownup.

SCHEMER:

Indeed he is, my dear.
As grownup as grownup can
be.

BECKY:

Then why are you putting
out all this candy?
That's not what grownups
eat.

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

BECKY:→ SCHEMER:

My mommy made this
toffee. And these
sourballs are my
favorite.

DAN:

Wow, great, can we have
some?

SCHEMER:

Forget it! Bug off!

(RESUMES ACCENT)

I mean, bug off for the
moment. Later, when Mr.
Hume leaves, if there is
any left, you may have a
tiny nibble of... this!

(HE PRODUCES A FRESHLY-ICED CAKE
FROM BOX, WITH RAINBOW SPRINKLES,
AND SETS IT OUT)

My mommy made this, too.
The sprinkles were my
idea.

KARA:

How do you know Mr. Hume
likes sprinkles?

perhaps some
gingerbread
cookies, instead

→ like to eat the head first
and → let he do, too

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Because I like them! And
we're each other's kind
of guy!

(SUDDENLY SCHEMER REACTS TO AN
IMAGINARY GENTLEMAN AND STARTS
PRACTICING BEING ELEGANT AND SUAVE.
THE KIDS STARE)

Ah, Mr. Hume.. And Mrs.
Hume, how charming... But
perhaps you can tell me:
I was thinking of going
to the stock market to
buy some stocks. Should
I take a bag? Or do
they have bags there?

(ANGLE ON PLATFORM: HUME ARRIVES
IN FANCY SUIT AND COAT. HE'S
CONDESCENDING, TRANSPARENTLY PHONY
IN HIS EFFORT TO BE "FRIENDLY."
SCHEMER DOESN'T SEE, KEEPS TALKING
TO THIN AIR)

And another thing I
wonder about in my brain:
after one plays polo, do
the men and the horses
take showers together?
Or are there separate
showers for man and horse
alike?

HUME:

Can someone help me,
please?

(SCHEMER TURNS, FREEZES, PETRIFIED.
THEN FINDS HIS NERVE AND RUSHES UP.
STARTS OFF ELEGANT BUT ENDS UP
BOWING AND SCRAPING)

SCHEMER:

Mr. Hume, I presume?

HUME:

And you are...?

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

(GRANDLY)

Schemer, sir. At your
service, under your
thumb, in your face. *pocket*

HUME:

Ah, the candidate. Let
me begin by saying that
this visit is only a
preliminary evaluation.
I will have to return to
the club to ponder your
suitability, and then
come back for one more
interview. Is that
agreeable?

SCHEMER:

Like crazy. *definitely*
Sir.

(USHERS HIM INTO STATION)

But come. Let us not
stand around here ~~yakking~~
~~like a dummy~~. Please be
so kind as to gratify my
graciousness with your
presence unto this place,
your honor.

exchanging pleasantries

(HUME WALKS IN, LOOKS AROUND, SEES
KIDS)

HUME:

These children -- must
they be here?

SCHEMER:

Well, they... work here.
I employ them to
entertain me and my
guests.

BECKY:

Yeah, right.

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

DAN;

Get serious, Schemer.

(SCHEMER HUSTLES HIM AWAY FROM
KIDS, TOWARDS STACY'S DESK)

SCHEMER:

But never mind about
them. let me show you
the station. This desk,
for example. Isn't it
amusing, and so forth?

HUME:
Heaven! Please!
~~Please. Dear God.~~

(ANGLE ON BILLY'S OFFICE -- STACY
AND BILLY EMERGE. HE IS NEUTRAL;
SHE IS WARY. HUME SEES HER AND
APPROACHES)

Miss? Kindly tell the
station manager I'm
here.

STACY:

I am the station manager.

HUME:

I don't wish to speak to
this girl. I wish to
speak to the station
manager himself.

STACY:

Herself. I am the
manager.

(HAND OUT, TO HUME)

Stacy Jones.

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

HUME:

Ah. Very well. Hobart
Hume the Third.

(AS THEY SHAKE)

Jones. I know that name.

STACY:

It's rather common.

BILLY:

And I'm Billy Two
Feathers.

HUME:

Really? Translated
from the French, perhaps?
"Deux-Plumes"?

BILLY:

Nope. From the [tribe
name].

HUME:

Ah. Good for you. To be
an Indian in today's
world takes such courage.

BILLY:

We don't say "Indian."
We say Native American.
And I don't exactly have
much choice.

SCHEMER:

(HEADING OFF TROUBLE)

Isn't he terrific, Hobe?
May I call you Hobe?

HUME:

No.

> find the use of nicknames to be
quite 'sosh, Don't you?

Hume!
I'm afraid it is, my dear.

And our courage comes in
many different forms

SCENE 3 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Right. And you can't
call me Hobe either.

(FAKE LAUGH)

I'm kidding, of course.
You can call me whatever
you want.

HUME:

This is all so tedious,
isn't it? Why don't you
have those children
provide a little
entertainment for us. A
song, perhaps.

SCHEMER:

They'd LOVE to!

DAN:

You're kidding, right?

(SCHEMER DASHES TO ARCADE, TO
JUKEBOX, UNDER --)

SCHEMER:

Oh, Dan, don't be so
juvenile.

(ARRIVES, GETS NICKEL)

How about "Old Joe
Clark"? You know that
one, don't you, Hobe?

HUME:

Of course not.

SCHEMER:

Whatever *you say.*

(HE PUTS NICKEL IN, ETC.)

SCENE 4
(INT. JUKEBOX)

TITO:

Show time! Let's sell it! → serve it ^{up} on a silver platter

DIDI:

Nickelaires, here we
come!

SCENE 5
(MAINSET)

(AS THE MUSIC PLAYS, SCHEMER PRODS THE KIDS TO DANCE, FINALLY HAS TO PHYSICALLY SPIN AND MANIPULATE THEM IN TIME TO THE MUSIC AS HUME SMILES AND STACY AND BILLY LOOK UNEASY. BY THE END, SCHEMER LOOKS TRIUMPHANT AND KIDS ARE DISGUSTED)

HUME:

(CLAPPING)

Very amusing. Such a clever idea, keeping children on hand to entertain.

SCHEMER:

And how 'bout that music?!

HUME:

Dreadful, of course.

SCHEMER:

-- of course. But the jukebox itself is --

HUME:

-- utterly appalling, naturally. No one in the Club would be caught dead operating such a thing. One isn't a teenager, after all, is one?

SCHEMER:

Okay, yeah, but the Arcade is --

HUME:

-- rather a sad little joke, isn't it?

SCENE 5 (CONT'D)

KARA:

Schemer doesn't think so.
he loves --

(SCHEMER CLAPS HAND OVER HER MOUTH)

SCHEMER:

He loves... I loves... I
loves to think about what
else I could do with that
space... Like set up a
booth to sell toxic
chemicals.

HUME:

Interesting. We might
discuss that at another
time.

SCHEMER:

(TO KIDS, BABYISHLY)

So there!

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 6

(INT. JUKEBOX)

(TITO AND DIDI ARE DEPRESSED)

TITO:

I don't get it. I mean,
we didn't play that bad. 13

DIDI:

Maybe somebody wasn't
trying.

GRACE:

Don't look at me. You
want to blame somebody,
start with that Hobart
Hume.

REX:

If Schemer joins that
club, Tex, what happens
to us?

TEX:

I suppose they'll just
leave us here, Rex.

TITO:

Or sell us to an antique
store.

DIDI:

Or put us in the basement
with a sheet over us
'till the END OF TIME!

ALL:

AAAAHHHH!!

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 7
(MAINSET)

(STACY'S DESK -- STACY AND BILLY
HAVE BEEN LAYING LOW. NOW SCHEMER
AND HUME APPROACH)

HUME:

Schemer, quite frankly, I
don't know if you're
really our kind. Oh, I
don't mind that you work
for a living -- we're a
lot more tolerant of
that sort of thing than
we used to be -- alas! --

STACY:

Things were different
fifty years ago, isn't
that right, Mr. Hume?

HUME:

Good Lord, yes. Fifty,
sixty years ago the
~~Nickelaire~~ Club was much
more selective...

*When my grandfather Hobart Hume the first
founded the Nickelaire Club*

STACY:

No working people, no
minorities, no women --
those were the days.

HUME:

They were indeed. You
seem to know your
history, Miss Jones.
I'll just bet you're a
treasure trove of
railroad lore. How about
a few train stories, Mr.
~~Hume.~~

folklore

Miss Jones

STACY:

You don't really want to
hear my stories, Mr.
Hume.

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

HUME:

Indulge me, Stacy. I love tales about working people, and I'll bet you tell them every bit as well as a man.

STACY:

Some other time, perhaps.

BILLY:

(IMPROVISING)

Stacy, we should have that meeting in my office.

HUME:

Now that's not fair. Someone's got to help make this visit bearable for me. Folk songs, jukeboxes, ~~uncooperative~~ women -- Good Lord, Schemer, what kind of frightful place is this?

little working

SCHEMER:

Um, uh, it's, uh --

HUME:

You. Billy Two-Feathers. How about a demonstration of your people's wonderful culture. A war dance, a rain dance, some medicine man mumbo-jumbo -- surprise me.

BILLY:

A war dance, a rain dance -- And afterwards, will you dance for me?

I'd be glad to show you one of our dances + if you would dance for me first

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Uh, ha ha... Billy is
such a kidder, Mr. Hume!

HUME:

How droll. Perhaps a bit
later, Chief?

BILLY:

"Chief"?

(SCHEMER DESPERATELY TRIES TO
INTERVENE AND HEAD OFF TROUBLE)

SCHEMER:

Yes! Chief... Chief
Big-Joke Chief Maxi-Ha-
Ha! don't worry about
Billy, Mr. Hume. He just
seems obnoxious. But
he's kidding. Same thing
with Miss Jones here.
She's not really
sarcastic and hostile --
she's just fooling. And
take the kids. Please!
But seriously. They only
act snippy and rude. But
it's all a joke! A
funny, amusing, horrible
joke. The whole station
is one big joke! If you
don't like it, Mr. Hume,
all I can say is: don't
blame me. Because
neither do I.

(SILENCE. ALL GLARE AT SCHEMER
EXCEPT HUME, WHO IS MULLING THIS
OVER. SCHEMER EAGERLY FOLLOWS HIM
AS HE BROODS, UNTIL --)

HUME:

Schemer, I've had my
doubts about you --

SCHEMER:

Absolutely. Me, too.

HUME:

But I think you show promise. You just may be our kind of people. I'm going back to the Club and discuss this with some colleagues of mine, and then I'll be back.

(MOVES TOWARD PLATFORM)

Miss Jones. Chief Two-Feathers. Children. So delightful meeting you.

(RE: MR. C.'S MESS)

And Schemer -- have somebody attend to this, will you?

(HE EXITS)

(ALL LOOK AT SCHEMER, WHO BEAMS, AND STARTS STRUTTING AROUND)

SCHEMER:

He's something, isn't he?

BILLY:

Yes, and I know just what that something is.

SCHEMER:

The word is class. Total class, with a capital K. Of course, I can take some of the credit. I knew just how to handle him.

STACY:

Schemer, your Mr. Hume is the most insulting, arrogant person I have ever met.

and prejudiced

SCENE 7 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Miss Jones. Please.
That's just his
personality.

STACY:

He's snotty and superior,
and thinks he's better
than everybody else.

SCHEMER:

I know. Isn't it great?
But don't worry, you'll
get what you want.

STACY:

Which is what?

SCHEMER:

To join the Nickelaire
Club, of course! Don't
you see the beauty of it?
Once I'm in, I get you
guys in! Clever, or
what?

BILLY:

Schemer, I don't think
you understand what's
going on here.

SCHEMER;

Billy, do I look like a
man who doesn't
understand what's going
on? Trust me.

(STARTS TO EXIT)

Oh, and kids? Next time
we do the dance? Let's
have a little smile, huh?

(HE EXITS. THE OTHERS LOOK AT
EACH OTHER, EXASPERATED)

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 8
(MAINSET)

(LATER -- THE KIDS ARE BACK AT THE
BOARD GAME AS -- ON TICKET BOOTH --
MR. C. APPEARS, IMMACULATE IN HIS
CLEAN CLUB DRESS. KIDS JOIN HIM)

MR. C:

The meeting of the Clean
Club is in session.
Thank goodness we got rid
of that guy in the Messy
Club.

DAN:

I wish we could join your
clubs, Mr. Conductor.
Schemer's doesn't sound
like much fun.

BECKY:

Stacy says that Mr. Hume
is superior. But what's
wrong with that?
Everybody wants to feel
good about themselves.

MR. C:

But you don't have to do
it by being mean to
everybody else. Take the
story of Bulgy... well,
you can't take it 'till I
give it to you...

(HE BLOWS HIS WHISTLE)

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 9

(TTE: #23 -- "BULGY")

(DISSOLVE TO:)

SCENE 10
(MAINSET)

(RESUME -- MR. C AND KIDS)

KARA;

Bulgy's sort of like Mr.
Hume.

BECKY:

Yeah. He can't feel good
about himself unless he's
making someone else feel
bad.

SCHEMER:

(OS)

-- because don't you
think trains have a
certain romantic
something about them?

HUME:

(OS)

No.

SCHEMER:

(OS)

Me neither.

(MR. C IS STARTLED, AND BLUNDERS
INTO THE TOFFEE. STRUGGLES)

MR. C:

This is the stickiest
toffee I've ever stepped
in.

(GETS FREE)

Pardon me if I don't
stick around.

(HE YANKS FREE AND DISAPPEARS AS--)

(PLATFORM -- SCHEMER AND HUME
ENTER)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Ah. Dan and Kara and
Becky. Still children, I
see.

HUME:

But what's this? Where's
the entertainment you
promised me? Where's
Chief Two-Arrows? And
little Stacy with her
stories?

talking

SCHEMER;

Uh, they must have
stepped out. Chief Billy
maybe have heap-big pow-
wow with iron horse --

(ANGLE ON BILLY'S WORKSHOP -- STACY
AND BILLY COME OUT, REGARD HUME)

(RESUME -- SCHEMER PLOWS ON AS
STACY AND BILLY JOIN)

-- and Stacy go deposit
wampum in bank.

*and Little Stacy is
probably tending to her pawsie
in the garden*

HUME;

Here they are. Stacy.
Be a good girl and spin
us a few yarns.

STACY:

I don't think so, Mr.
Hume.

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

HUME:

(TO SCHEMER)

Isn't that like a woman?
They lead you on, then
change their minds.

(TO BILLY)

How about you, Chief?
Going to let me down,
too? No dance?

STACY:

Mr. Hume, I've changed my
mind. I'll tell you a
story.

SCHEMER:

Great!

STACY:

Once upon a time, there
was a lady named
Priscilla Jones. She was
manager of a train
station.

SCHEMER:

Hey, what a coincidence!

STACY:

The station was one of
the most important places
in the town. Everybody
used it -- the rich, the
poor, for business trips
and vacation trips, for
receiving mail and
sending presents. And
everyone know Priscilla.
She ran the station
beautifully.

knows

DAN:

Aunt Stacy, is that --

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

~~DAN:~~

~~Aunt, Stacy, is that --~~

STACY:

(QUIETS HIM WITH A GESTURE)

One day Priscilla decided to join the local business and social club. But when she applied, she was turned down. Not because she wasn't a good citizen, or a good person. Not because no one knew who she was, or thought she wasn't important to the town. She was turned down because she was a woman. She was very hurt by this, because she thought she had the town's respect. The club was the Nickelaire Club, Mr. Hume. And Priscilla was my grandmother.

SCHEMER:

Ooops.

HUME:

A heartbreaking story, Miss Jones. But I'm afraid that was before my time.

Knew ✓

*Priscilla needs to prevail
so she worked for women's vote
and they voted every one out
of public office.*

*Hobart
and the president was Mr. Hume I
your grandfather*

*what about
Mr. Hume I*

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

STACY:

But you're no different from the president of the club back then. Like him, you're an arrogant snob. You walk in here and insult the children, you insult Billy, and you insult me. You are absolutely insensitive to anyone else's feelings. The only feeling you are sensitive to is your own desire to feel superior to everyone around you. You are welcome to use this station if you have a train to catch, Mr. Hume. But I would ask you to conduct your club's business elsewhere.

wow

(SHE TURNS AND WALKS OFF, TO WORKSHOP. SILENCE. DEADPAN, BILLY GOES TO HUME, COMES IN MENACINGLY CLOSE TO HIM, AND RAISES HIS HAND, PALM OUT, AS IF TO STRIKE HIM. HUME SHRINKS BACK. BILLY PAUSES, THEN --)

*no let him
be eloquent, concise
& poignant*

BILLY:

How.

no !!

(HE TURNS AND FOLLOWS STACY. HUME BREATHES EASIER AS SCHEMER NERVOUSLY TRIES TO LAUGH IT OFF)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Don't worry about Stacy.
She's just nervous
because she wants to join
the club, too. They all
do! Right, kids?

(ANGLE ON KIDS -- THEY GLARE BACK)

(SCHEMER LEADS HUME TOWARD TICKET
DESK AND CANDY)

They're so cute.
Anyway, I told Stacy,
once I'm in the Club,
we'll let her and Billy
and the kids in,
too, right?

HUME:

Good Lord, man. Talk
sense.

SCHEMER:

What do you mean?

HUME:

I remind you we are
speaking of the
Nickelaire Club. Those
children will not be
admitted, because they
are too young.

SCHEMER:

So--?

HUME:

Miss Jones will not be
admitted because, like
her grandmother, she is a
woman.

SCHEMER:

But so what --?

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

HUME:

And Mr. Two-Ponies will
not be admitted because
--

(LOWERS VOICE)

-- because he is an
Indian.

SCHEMER:

I know he is. So what?

HUME:

And let no one call me
prejudiced, either. I
would feel the same if he
were black, Hispanic,
Asian, or Jewish, too.

SCHEMER:

Wait a minute...

HUME:

They aren't my kind of
people. I should say --

(PUTS ARM AROUND SCHEMER)

-- our kind of people.
Because you, Schemer, are
my kind of people.

SCHEMER:

Hold on --

HUME:

And we have to stick
together. That's why we
have the Nickelaire Club.
And that's why we're
almost ready to accept
you as a member. All you
have to do is cut off
that curl, and you're one
of us.

Give reason

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Cut off the curl? Are
you crazy? That's what
makes me! What kind of
club is it if everyone's
like you? That's no fun!

HUME:

My dear boy. "Fun" has
nothing to do with it.
The purpose of the
Nickelaire Club is to
provide a haven from the
rest of the world.

(SCHEMER THINKS, NODS, THEN DIRECTS
HUME TO THE CANDY)

SCHEMER:

Okay. Well, first, have
some toffee. My mommy
made it.

HUME:

Thank you. Don't mind
if I do.

(HUME POPS ONE IN, AND FINDS HIS
MOUTH IS STUCK)

MMMF! CNNMNDTFFM! (etc.)

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

SCHEMER:

Sticky, huh?

(OFF HUME'S NOISES)

You can say that again.
Anyway, Mr. Hume, I just
wanted to say, I don't
think I want to be in
your stupid club.

(THE KIDS PERK UP AT THIS AND HURRY
OVER)

Yeah, I mean, if it's not
good enough for all my
friends here, how good
can it be?

(STACY AND BILLY EMERGE FROM
WORKSHOP AND LISTEN IN)

If I just wanted to hang
out with people like me, I
don't need to cut my
curl. I can just stay in
my room and stare at
myself in the mirror.
And I do that anyway!
Plus I can keep my curl.
So, no thanks, and.. you
know... scram.

HUME:

(mumms, meaning
"Scram?")

SCHEMER:

Yeah, that's right.
Scram!

(HUME RECOILS, INDIGNANT)

HUME:

(mumms == "That's an
outrage!")

SCENE 10 (CONT'D)

(ON FINAL WORD HE SLAMS HIS FIST DOWN -- RIGHT INTO THE CAKE. PANICS, AND SWEEPS HIS HAND IN A WIDE ARC, AS THOUGH TO SHAKE OFF CAKE. THIS KNOCKS OVER THE DISH OF SOUR BALLS. HE DRAWS HIMSELF UP, GIVES A HAUGHTY NOD, AND STARTS TO STRIDE OFF -- AND SLIPS IMMEDIATELY ON SEVERAL SOURBALLS, AND FALLS SPECTACULARLY ON HIS BEHIND. THE KIDS START TO LAUGH GLEEFULLY, BUT STACY WAVES THEM QUITE. BILLY GOES OVER AND OFFERS HIS HAND. *HUME TAKES IT, CLIMBS TO HIS FEET, SNATCHES HIS HAND BACK, AND STOMPS OUT. BEAT. THEY ALL CLUSTER AROUND SCHEMER, TALKING AND SHAKING HIS HAND AND POUNDING HIM ON THE BACK)

SCHEMER:

Thank you. The nerve of that guy.

STACY:

We're proud of you, Schemer!

SCHEMER:

Nah. I didn't really want to be in that club anyway. Hey, listen, who wants some toffee?

(EVERYONE SUDDENLY STOPS AND LOOKS AWAY, "BUSY" OR PREOCCUPIED, SMILING POLITELY)

(SCHEMER SHRUGS)

Okay. More for me.

(HE OPENS WIDE, IS ABOUT TO POP ONE IN -- BUT STOPS, PUTS IT BACK, AND SMILES INNOCENTLY AT EVERYONE)

(DISSOLVE TO:)

* HUME:
No, Thank-you!
climbs to his feet

let Schemer
learn a lesson
rather than only
responding based
on his cue

SCENE 11
(MAINSET)

(LATER -- MR. C. IS IN HIS CLEAN CLUB GETUP, HAS FINISHED CLEANING UP THE MESS HE LEFT AS KIDS ENTER FROM PLATFORM AND STOP, STUNNED)

DAN:

Mr. Conductor, who cleaned up the station?

MR. C:

The Clean Club. Who else? Because A) It's our job and B) I thought Schemer deserved a little help after standing up to Mr. Hume like that.

BECKY:

(LOOKING OUT)

Why don't you tell him that? Here he comes.

MR. C:

No thanks. Meeting adjourned!

(HE DISAPPEARS AS SCHEMER ENTERS, GLUM)

KARA:

What's wrong, Schemer?

SCHEMER:

Uh, nothing.

(LOOKS AROUND)

Hey, who cleaned up the place?

BECKY:

Um -- One of your fans.

SCENE 11 (CONT'D)

(WITH HIM AS HE LOOKS AROUND,
BAFFLED. BEHIND HIM, THE KIDS
QUIETLY CONFER. THEN THEY BREAK
AND JOIN HIM)

DAN:

Schemer, we have an
announcement to make.

KARA:

We're starting a new
club.

BECKY:

Everybody can be in it.

DAN:

But we want you to be the
very first member.

SCHEMER:

(PERKING UP)

Really? You mean it?

(OFF THEIR NODS)

Wow, great! But only if
I can be treasurer.

(THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, SHRUG)

KARA:

Okay. Sure.

SCHEMER:

Terrific. Now. Let's
everybody talk about
finances. Everybody will
need to pay a nickel to
join, and a nickel per
month for dues... and a
nickel for
administrative
purposes...

SCENE 11 (CONT'D)

(THE KIDS TRADE LOOKS AS SCHEMER
KEEPS SPOUTING FEES AND WE --)

(FADE OUT)

(END)